

CREATION: 12

A
A CLAUDI OF MR. SEATON'S WILL
Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

I Give my Kinsman's Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of
which shall be paid yearly to the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the
Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being,
or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Sub-
ject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Propositions or Ari-
thmetical of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted;
and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Punish-
ment, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-
Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and
recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rents of the above Estate
to that Master of Arts, who shall be chosen by them, *Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus*
Which Poem I ordain to be written in Latin, and the subject given as a re-
sponse of *Mens agitat molem, et magno cum corpore miscet.*
VIRGIL, Æneid, Lib. VI. l. 726.

W. F. the undersigned, do assign Mr. SEATON'S Reward
for the Year 1738, to SAMUEL HAYES, M. A. for his
Poem on CREATION, to be printed
BY THE
Rev. SAMUEL HAYES, M. A.
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND USHER OF
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

J. Torkington, Vice-Chancellor,
W. Cook, Greek Professor.

Oct. 13
1738.

C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY;

For J. & J. MERRILL, in Cambridge; J. DODSLEY, in Pall Mall, W. GINGER, in College Street,
Westminster, J. WALTER, at Charing-cross, G. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church-yard,
and F. KNIGHT, in St. James's Street, London.

MDCCLXXXIV.

CREATION

A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will,
Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

I Give my Kislingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE, the underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward for the Year 1784, to SAMUEL HAYES, M. A. for his Poem on CREATION; and direct the said Poem to be printed according to the Tenor of the Will.

Oct. 14,
1784.



J. Torkington, Vice-Chancellor.
W. Cooke, Greek Professor.

C R E A T I O N:

P O E M.

HAIL, everlasting Pow'r! Thou, at whose word,
From the drear womb of indigested night,
Creation rose, all hail! To Thee the Muse,
Though weak her Lyre, and faint the trembling Chords,
This humble Off'ring brings, conscious that Thou,
Unerring Searcher of the inmost Soul,
To the loud orisons of froward pride,
The still small voice of gratitude preferr'st.
What though the Sons of pleasure, listless Slaves
To Fashion's arbitrary law, all strains
Deride,

Dèride, save those which sooth voluptuous lust,
 Or fix fell Satire's barb in the chaste breast
 Of bleeding Innocence; the sacred Muse,
 On nobler subject bent, such Themes disclaims.
 If as she pours the Verse, and vindicates
 The ways of Providence, a ray of light
 Dart on th' unconscious breast, if only one,
 Whom error hath seduc'd, or the dark arts
 Of subtle infidelity ensnar'd;
 If one alone, aw'd by the moral truth,
 Feel strong conviction from the clouded sense
 Dispel the gloom, the Muse's wish is crown'd.
 Far dearer to the mind the rich reward,
 Those pure sensations, which from conscience spring,
 Than all the plaudits of a giddy World,
 And all the Gifts, which lavish opulence
 Can on it's supple Parasites bestow.

O say, amidst the varied Themes, from which,
 Roaming on fancy's wing, the fertile Bard
 Culls the fair flow'rs of Poetry, say which
 Can vie with that, whose nobler argument,

Spurning

Spurning the narrow boundaries of Earth,
To Heav'n exalts the comprehensive Soul?
Such, Milton, were thy hallow'd strains, sublime,
Immortal Bard; Thou, in a looser age,
When dissolute indecency, maintained
By regal patronage, usurp'd the place
Of wit, Thou dar'dst to break the shackling bonds
Of flippant Rhyme. The Muse, at thy command,
Resum'd her wrested throne; became again
What she had erst appear'd in Greece and Rome,
When Genius sprung from freedom's fost'ring arms,
In Virtue, in Religion's purer paths,
The delegated Minister of Man.
Such the strains, SEATON, which thy watchful zeal,
Shielding Religion to remotest times,
In honour of Jehovah's injur'd name
Bade flow from year to year. — Wake then, my Soul!
In adoration wake! Let ev'ry sense
Feel the strong impulse; let them all call forth
Their blended pow'rs, and chaunt the praise of Him,
To whom in Heav'n above, on Earth beneath,
To whom, e'en in the undiscover'd depths
Of the wide sea, subjected Nature bows.

Whither can the eye stretch, and not behold
 The wonders of eternal Wisdom? Where
 The mind, beyond the sense's grosser sphere
 Dilated, dart it's penetrating thoughts,
 And not discern a God's pervading pow'r!

To Heav'n exalt thine eye! Lo! where the Sun
 Emerging from the East, now faintly pours
 Through the streak'd Atmosphere his glimm'ring rays:
 Anon, like the flush'd Giant, whose firm limbs,
 By wine refresh'd, feel renovated strength,
 To the meridian point sublime he winds
 His rapid march; and there, full-orb'd, array'd
 In majesty unclouded, darts on Earth
 Effulgent beams. Hence down the slope of Heav'n
 Precipitate he hastens, till at length,
 Glancing mild lustre on the Western wave,
 He sinks in night's embrace. Nor even then,
 Cheerless is this terrestrial Globe. Though lost
 The bright effulgence of the golden Sun,
 Darkness profound shrouds not the face of things.
 The silver Moon, erratic in her course,
 Yet ever constant Satellite of Earth,

Supplies a Brother's place. With borrow'd light
From her pale orb she flings a softer gleam,
And cheers the brow of night. Thro' th' arch of Heav'n
Dispers'd, five other Planets round the Sun,
That vivid centre to which all converge,
Revolve harmonious. And from ev'ry part
Of yon ethereal vault, a countless host
Of Stars, which twinkle through the gloomy void,
Dispense their trembling light; o'er herb and tree,
And o'er the surface of the gleamy main,
Diffusing influence mild. Stars which perhaps
In other systems form resplendent Suns,
Round whom, by gravitation's pow'r restrain'd,
Attendant Planets roll. Perhaps there are*
(For who can circumscribe Omnipotence?)
Stars from whose distant orbs, to mortal eye,
Though aided by the astronomic glass,
No ray hath travell'd yet. — But who ordain'd
These radiant Bodies? Who from Chaos call'd
The Regent of the day? From the Eastern goal,
Through Heav'n's wide circuit, in diurnal round

* See this idea suggested by Huygens.

Who bade him take his never-erring course?
Who form'd the Planets? Onward once impell'd,
What potent arm arrests them? Whence the laws
By which they to the centre gravitate,
Still devious, yet irregularly true?
Who from th' abyfs of darkness call'd the Stars,
Myriads of burning lamps, which, while dun night
Invests the dreary globe, with tremulous gems
Spangle the fable canopy of Heav'n?
Trace we not here the wonder-working pow'r
Of an almighty arm? Trace we not here
Consummate Wisdom's marks? Can chance create,
Or having form'd, can indigested chance,
Unerring in their proper orbits, keep
These won'drous bodies? Globes, with which compar'd
This earthly Ball is as a grain of sand
Upon the sea-worn beach. Or shall we say,
(So some, borne on presumption's airy wing,
Resolve the Question) matter is uncreate,
Eternal, from itself alone exists;
And thus existing, the mixt atoms form'd
This universal frame. — Prepost'rous thought!

Sceptic,

Sceptic, say matter were, e'en as thou think'st,
Existent of itself, could it produce
Consummate symmetry? Could the mixt feeds
Of jarring atoms, by the wayward cast
Of chance, their sev'ral pow'rs in union blend,
And hence, in nice arrangement marshall'd, form
Stupendous Systems? Systems in the whole,
As far as human thought can stretch, compleat?
Behold yon Fabric! It's component parts
Scan with an Artist's scrutinizing eye!
Then say, from whence the beauteous structure rose,
Whence this harmonious order! Conscious here,
That industry, by previous art dispos'd,
Rang'd the materials, and the Fabric form'd,
You praise the Architect's directing skill, —
Vain, shallow Fool! E'en in the smallest works
Of human art, thou see'st design, and own'st
The happy efforts of an active hand:
Yet in the greater works of Nature, works
Which should, with awe and veneration, strike
The conscious breast, and from the soul extort
Profoundest homage, here no plan is found;

No

No traces here thou see'st, which indicate
 The guidance of presiding sense. By chance,
 Compleat as the stupendous structure is,
 The whole was order'd and arrang'd. By chance,
 Harmonious as it's operations are,
 It's complex operations, still in its course
 By listless chance the vast machine is kept.

But hence these arrogant conceits, which wrest
 The Sceptre from Jehovah's sacred grasp,
 And to an unsubstantial Phantom give
 The attributes of Heav'n! Hence vain conceits,
 Back to the Prince of darkness; him ye suit,
 And him alone, who by ambition fir'd,
 And swoln by contumacious pride, disdain'd
 Subjection; from his adamant throne,
 Leagu'd with apostate Angels, strove to hurl
 Creation's ever-living King! Shall Man,
 By froward curiosity impell'd,
 Arraign the mystic schemes of Heav'n? Shall He,
 Whose scanty knowledge cannot tell, from whence
 The germinating blade extrudes it's shoot,
 On

On vague conjecture raise the giant pile
Of Infidelity? Hence vain conceits!
Ill suit that Being such aspiring thoughts,
Who lives but on the mercies of his God.
Conscious that all the good he now receives,
Flows from th' Almighty's gracious hand, that all
His eager wishes pant for, must descend
From the same all-providing source, be his
Submissive adoration! If the Heav'ns
Proclaim the greatness of their Lord, if Sun
And Moon, and Hosts of glitt'ring Stars, which deck
The infinite expanse, attest the pow'r,
The pow'r immense, which fram'd, and rules their orbs,
Not less unquestionable are the marks
Of his unbounded goodness here on Earth.
Whate'er dependant Mortals need, whate'er,
Of comfort, use, or ornament, in Life
Their wants require, He like a Father gives,
Nor gives with niggard hand. What to the eye,
Or taste, can minister delight, his care
For Man provides. From her prolific womb
The teeming Earth abundance pours: He speaks,

And lo! obedient to th' inspiring voice,
 Luxuriant verdure crowns the smiling plain.
 Here, sweet arrangement, variegated flow'rs
 Their dewy beauties to the orient Sun
 Unfold, and with their aromatic breath
 Perfume the passing winds. Some too there are,
 Which, fair and seemly in external form,
 Charm the admiring eye; tasted they chill
 The vital current, and with rapid sweep
 Arrest the functions of the tainted heart.
 Nor yet with froward charge deem Nature vain!
 From noxious herbs, and many a pois'nous flow'r,
 The Bee extracts the liquid dew, and thence,
 Within the chambers of her waxen cell
 Stows the rich harvest of compounded sweets.
 Thus from th' infectious shoot experience culls
 Benignant aid. Hence, when convulsive pangs
 Writhe the distorted limbs, and oft invok'd,
 Sleep flies the Suff'rer's couch, the rending pain
 Is lull'd; o'er the tir'd senses gently steals
 Refreshing slumber. Hence the sluggish blood,
 When morbid humors taint the bloated frame,

Corrected rolls a purer tide. And thus,
 * The noxious root, produce of Western Isles,
 Though mortal poison, the contagious juice
 Extracted, ministers sustaining food.
 At Heav'n's creative word, the lowly Shrub,
 And tow'ring Tree arise. In lordly state
 The Cedar rears his elevated Head,
 And hides the honors of his trembling brow
 E'en in the azure clouds. The regal Oak,
 Deep in the Earth infix'd his tortuous root,
 With outstretch'd arms to fainting Herds and Flocks
 Dispenses grateful umbrage: While around
 His limbs, in many a wild fantastic wreath,
 The social Ivy creeps, in awful pomp
 He stands, and claims the Forest for his own.
 The mantling vine, delicious source of joy
 To Man's dejected spirit, bends beneath
 The rich coerulean weight; with raptur'd eye
 Th' exulting Swain beholds the cluster'd branch,
 The happy presage of Autumnal wealth.
 And lest the Sun, though vivid source of light,

* The Cassida.

Should, like a scroll, with unremitted heat
Shrivel the face of Nature, and lay waste
Creation's fairest beauties, from the clouds
The soft'ring show'r descends, and in the lap
Of vegetation genial influence pours.
Hence the scorch'd stem, which, languishing and faint,
Beneath it's load exhausted sunk, now feels
Reanimated life. Again erect
Th' invigorated flow'r it's leaf expands,
And glistens beauteous in the solar beam.

Nor less within the bowels of the Earth,
Those cavities, where no enliv'ning ray
Darts from the orb of light, not less, e'en there,
In characters indelible is stamp'd
The goodness of a bounteous God. Hence Man,
E'en from these regions of eternal night,
Draws choicest blessings. When with icy step
Bleak Winter marches forth, and chilling blasts
Benumb the torpid limb, from these dark seats
Supplied, Man braves the fury of the North,
Nor heeds the ruthless Tyrant's icy fang.

Oft

Oft too, within the gloomy mine conceal'd,
Exhaustless treasures lie. Here, deep intrench'd,
Lurks the rough Diamond; here the various gems,
Which, polish'd by the Artist's moulding hand,
Sooth the poor littleness of human pride,
And blaze resplendent on imperial crowns.

But not alone to Heav'n and earth confin'd
The dread Creator's pow'r: Him sov'reign Lord
The Ocean hails. Through all his azure realms
He tributary homage pays. Nor less
In the great deep, than here on Earth appears
The stamp of goodness. That which hath disjoin'd
The various regions of the earth, which seems
To interdict all social intercourse,
Proves the sure means, whence in one common link,
The nations of the World are bound. Her sails
Commerce unfurls; by gentle winds impell'd,
O'er the broad bosom of the swelling Main
The rich fraught Vessel wafts her varied stores.
Thus from the Ganges, where the God of Day,
Ascending o'er the Eastern wave, begins.

His

His wonted course; Thus from th' Atlantic shore,
 Where to his nether goal with swift descent,
 He whirls his radiant car, Europa's Sons
 Luxurious treasures of abundance draw,
 And thus amidst the ruthless hords, those Tribes
 Where savage fierceness reigns, and ignorance
 In ten-fold darkness binds th' imprison'd soul,
 Religion pours her voice: With precept mild
 Softens the rude ferocity of arms,
 Dispels the gloom, and to the tutor'd sense
 Opens the portals of immortal Life.
 Nor terminates celestial goodness here:
 The bozy channels of the Sea resign
 Their scaly Tenants. Through the vast Domain,
 Whate'er with light fin cuts his liquid way,
 And those, who, in testaceous prison bound,
 Seem scarce, yet are, most tremblingly, alive;
 At Heav'n's command, all minister to Man.
 The proud Leviathan himself, who, stretch'd
 Upon the Ocean's back, an Island seems;
 Or in rude gambols his unwieldy bulk
 Writhing, deems all the wat'ry realm his own:

E'en he, Gigantic as he is, subdued
 By Man's superior art, a Victim falls;
 But not unprofitably falls. Though dead,
 He garnish not the festive board, or add
 Luxurious honor to the rich repast,
 Yet still, so provident is Nature's God,
 For him the Sailor braves the stormy flood:
 E'en to the frozen North, where, six long Moons,
 Inhospitable darkness shrouds the Pole,
 Where snow eternal caps the Mountain's top,
 And threat'ning ice, in many a ridgy steep,
 Peers o'er the waves indissoluble, there,
 Reckless of danger, the bold Sailor shapes
 His perilous course; in his own element
 Advent'rous seeks the Giant, nor avoids
 Th' unequal conflict: in the trembling boat
 Fearless he stands, and launches from his arm
 The pointed weapon, conscious what a prize
 Awaits the issue of successful toil.

These, everliving Father, these, may all
 Which in the chambers of the Deep reside,

And!

And they, who, on expanded pinions borne,
Traverse the buoyant air; They too who range
The Forest, Lords of the sequester'd wild,
With those, who, by domestic impulse sway'd,
Tenant the verdant Mead, at thy decree
To Man's arbitrement all bend. Nor here
Need we the subtle sophistry of Schools,
Or arguments in the perplexing loom
Of Philosophic disquisition fram'd:

“Each step we take will lead us to our God.”

O what a debt immense to him is due,
Who deigns to stoop from his supernal throne,
And gives to Man, what Man's contracted pow'r
Can't give himself! O what a debt immense
Is due to him, whose ever-watchful care,
From day to day, from hour to hour, imparts
The first of blessings, with a Parent's love
Shielding his helpless offspring! The whole life,
In adoration should each moment pass,
Would faintly pay the debt which Mortals owe.

What time still Night her ebon car ascends,
And the fell Thief, by darkness shrouded, plans

Infidious

Insidious rapine, at his Master's door
The faithful Servant stretch'd, keeps sleepless watch:
If ought approach, instant with clam'rous throat
He gives th' alarm; and should the plund'rer come,
With eager tooth seizes the Caitiff Wretch,
Nor quits his prey, though down his mangled limbs
The vital current stream, but bravely seals
With life itself inviolable faith.
Whence this attachment, this intrepid zeal,
Which holds it's settled purpose, undismay'd
E'en in the agonizing pangs of death?
From gratitude the gen'rous instinct springs;
Fed at his Master's board, and by his hand
Daily with gentle blandishments carefs'd,
The duteous animal repays the debt
With pure fidelity. Nor threat, nor force,
Nor dangers' direst form his courage shake.
Nay, the fierce Tyrant of the secret woods,
Who roams the bleak and desert wild, and lives
By ruthless slaughter, if by Man preserv'd,
To his Protector firm allegiance pays.
By gratitude's instinctive impulse taught,

C

He

He drops his fierceness, smooths his brinded mane,
 And, couching harmless at his Guardian's feet,
 With aspect bland, and many a soften'd smile,
 Marks the strong feelings of a mindful heart.

Behold'st thou this ungrateful Man? From them
 Whom instinct actuates alone, dost thou
 This tributary pledge of love receive,
 And yet deny it to your God? Thou dost
 Though Pensioner on his disposing will,
 Though from his voluntary bounty all
 Which forms your happiness you hold, as if
 'Twere center'd in yourself, the tenure fix'd
 Beyond the pow'r of time or chance, you spurn
 The Giver; what for comfort and for use
 Was meant by Heav'n, you to the sordid claims
 Of pride and wanton luxury consign.
 Mark! Where the grov'ling Wretch, at the full feast
 Exulting sits. Lo! on the festive board
 Abundance smiles. Here, from the perfum'd shores
 Of either India brought, rich viands sooth
 The pamper'd taste. When languid Nature feels,
 C Satiety,

Satiety, these can the Glutton's lust
 Renew, and to the sick'ning appetite
 A keener sense impart. Here Gallia's grape
 In the chas'd goblet sparkles, to the heart
 Dispensing levity and mirth. But say,
 Whence this abundance, whence these treasures flow,
 O'er which th' enamour'd eye in rapture hangs?
 From thee, perennial, only source of good,
 Almighty Father. Thy benignant hand
 Gave them, exhausted Nature's firm support:
 Gave them as blessings, which in life's drear vale
 Might comfort strew, and elevate the soul,
 In strains of gratitude, to him who gave.
 Yet Man, Lord of Creation's ample range,
 Fashion'd by Heav'n's discriminating love
 For purposes most noble; though in form,
 And apprehension, like a God; still Man,
 Unconscious of his elevated rank,
 Stoops, meanly stoops, from his exalted height,
 And with the lowest tribes of Nature herds.
 From her luxuriant stores doth mercy send
 Abundance? The voluptuous Glutton view!

He, not content with that which Nature asks,
 Nor satisfied, though from each foreign clime
 Cull'd with delicious skill, he hath enjoy'd
 The choicest viands, still the more he craves;
 Nor rests, 'till stimulating drugs revive
 The slumb'ring fever; 'till again they whet
 The sicken'd taste, and fire the torpid sense.
 Though no sensation of sharp thirst he feel,
 Yet, still insatiate, for the sparkling cup
 He calls, nor rests, until the potent charm
 In drowsy bonds have fetter'd ev'ry sense.
 Mean time, nor God nor Man employ his thoughts:
 Intent alone, where wanton riot calls,
 And giddy mirth whirls the distemper'd brain
 From it's due poise, in the intemp'rate bowl
 All other cares he whelms. Nor God nor Man
 Employ his thoughts: Festivity's the God,
 At whose alluring shrine the Suppliant bends.
 And while, 'midst pleasure's fascinating charms,
 He drains nectareous draughts, though at his Gate
 The Child of poverty and famine kneel,
 Though with uplifted hands, he faintly crave

The scanty gleanings of the splendid board,
E'en the poor pittance is denied. In vain
He supplicates. His earnest cries are spurn'd
By the proud Vassals of their sensual Lord;
And he himself, unfriended and forlorn,
With many a stripe, and many a bitter taunt,
As if harsh Nature had disclaim'd him, chas'd
From the licentious mansion. — Abject Wretch!
Is this the tribute thou to God return'st?
To him who on thy favor'd head hath show'r'd
His choicest Gifts? And but for whom, thyself
Had been e'en like the outcast, whom thy pride
Spurns from thy threshold? Yet how'er thou seem'st
Bove him exalted, though, while famine writhes
His rueful face, and the bleak chilling rain
Drenches his naked limbs, thy happier soul
Revel in plenitude of earthly bliss,
Remember still, one is the common Lord,
Parent of all: His righteous eye on all
Looks down impartial; no distinction knows,
Save that which unaffected virtue makes.

Thou

Thou God of goodness hear thy Suppliant's pray'r!
 Deep in the living tablet of the heart
 Imprint the grateful sense! To thy behests
 Creation bows; through all her fertile range
 Subjected bows. When from his Mother Earth
 Thou calledst Man to Life, the last, but best
 Of all thy works, not in a desert waste
 Didst thou then place him, nor defenceless leave
 The Offspring of thy plastic hand. E'en then
 The Sun and Moon, and all the Starry Host
 Bedeck'd th' ethereal concave. Then for him
 The Earth had teem'd; from her prolific womb
 Had pour'd, whatever to the taste or eye
 Could minister delight, Herb, Flow'r and Fruit,
 And Flocks and Herds in countless tribes. E'en then
 For him, with food replete, and circumscrib'd
 By thy restraining arm, the turbid waves
 Of Ocean roll'd, exhaustless source of wealth
 And lest the congregated waters, bound
 In torpid lethargy, should o'er the world
 Infectious putrefaction shed, in ebb
 And flow perpetual, by the lunar orb

Controul'd,

Controul'd, Thou didst appoint their restless course,
Thus through the liquid realms, that vital breath,
Which to the Ocean's scaly Sons Thou gav'st,
Was foster'd and invigorated. Thus,
By the perturbed motions of the Deep,
Enliv'ning breezes purg'd the grosser air,
To the faint Globe imparting vivid health.
Nor less, eternal Father, than at first,
Doth Nature now attest thy boundless sway,
Thy boundless mercy. As by Thee all things
Were form'd, by Thee the System is maintain'd;
By Thee, that harmony which first attun'd
Creation's floating Spheres, is still preserv'd.

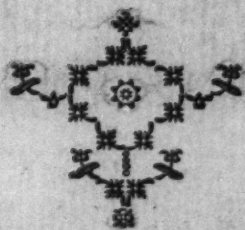
If while the mind, in meditation rapt,
Travels through Nature's complicated range,
Some mysteries appear, which the scant line
Of Man can't fathom; if there be a point,
Where e'en a Newton feels the glowing Thought
Check'd in it's deep research, shall Mortals dare,
That which they cannot comprehend, arraign?
Dare in those realms, where the arrested eye

Of reason cannot stretch, raise wanton doubts
Of Heav'n's supremacy? Or when they view
What human petulance disorder deems,
Question eternal Wisdom? Though obscure,
Though intricate the ways of Heav'n may seem,
(To him, who cannot scan the destin'd end,
Such ev'ry dispensation must appear)
A day will come, when the pure rays of light
Shall dissipate the gloom; a day will come,
When the contexture of this wond'rous chain,
On which the universal fabric hangs
Suspended, shall in ev'ry part be found
Consummate harmony, and captious doubt,
Aw'd by the radiance of triumphant truth,
Shall into nothing sink. Then in the sight
Of Men and Angels, manifest, and clear
As the meridian Sun's unclouded beam,
Jehovah's attributes shall be display'd.

Let the bold scrutinizing mind, upborne
By Metaphysic's buoyant plumes, beyond
This earthly Ball take it's aërial flight!

Conjecture

Conjecture on conjecture let it build!
'Till like the Giants, who of old (so sing
Poëtic strains) mountain on mountain pil'd,
The tow'ring thought scale Heav'n!—From such a flight,
(Ill suiting Man's contracted sense, I turn)
In the stupendous orbs above, which Thou,
The great Creator, hast ordain'd, I see
Unquestionable marks of pow'r supreme.
In the rich treasures, which thy bounteous hand
Hath op'd for Man's dependant race, I see
Mercy's bright seal — I see, and I adore.



Conjecture on conjecture let it build!
 'Till like the Giants, who of old (so sing
 Poëtic strains) mountain on mountain pil'd,
 The tow'ring thought scale Heav'n!—From such a height
 (Ill suiting Man's contracted sense, I turn)
 In the stupendous orbs above, which Thou,
 The great Creator, hast ordain'd, I see
 Unquestionable marks of pow'r supreme.
 In the rich treasures, which thy bounteous hand
 Hath op'd for Man's dependant race, I see
 Mercy's bright seal — I feel and I adore.

